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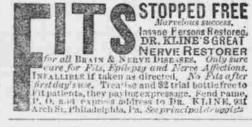
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And if the old bear. As he peeps from his lair, Sees his shadow stretched out before He turns him around, And crawls back underground. For a nap of six weeks or more.

For, wise folks declare. That when these things come together 'Tis true as true. That, for six weeks through, We'll have no more pleasant weather But cold winds will blow, And ice and snow And frost will cover the ground While this sharp old bear, In his warm sunny lair.

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Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity,

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IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZ-

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No family, rich or poor should be without it.

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mptly attended to.
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KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indi-eate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (drug-gists recommend it) and it will speedily over-come the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain.

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Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

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tisfactory manner and at low prices. All work war-nted. The following are some of my prices: Horse

hoeing, new shoes all round, \$1.00; Sharpening and setting, 40 cents, with new Toe Calks, 60 cents.

Amos DeCota.
Barton, Oct. 24, 1881.

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AGONY

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And the whole noxious family of

nerve diseases are cured by

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ALL RESPECTABLE DRUGGISTS

KEEP "PAIN KILLER.".

YOUR NAME in Rubber Stamp with mk

Cigars at Preston's, (McDougall Block),

Barton, Vermont

you look so smiling this morning?"

and it beats any thing I ever saw."

"Good morning, Frank. What makes

"Oh, nothing, only I have been over

to Preston's and bought one of his boss

5c Cigars, called Preston's Spoonies,

"Yes, they all say he keeps the best

Cigars in Orleans County. He sells at

wholesale and retail, and as he buys

direct of the manufacturer, and the

largest in New England, of course he

can beat them all He sells the famous

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"Yes, and he has got the largest

stock of Stationery, Blank Books and

Papetries in town, and sells at lowest

prices. He also has a good stock of

Groceries and savs he will not be beat

"I guess that is so: I tought a pound

"Yes, and he has a Coffee for 31c

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Teas for 50 and 60c, and a good Coffee

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NOTICE.

I take this means to notify the tax-payers of this

brusry 13, after which I shall collect them as the

Card Collectors. New set just out and

n Peb 12th, and at my house at all other times.

cts. 1 will be at Wheeler's store at the Center

day, and it was the boss.'

fectionery, &c., &c."

Brownington, Jan. 29, 1883.

kinds.'

"Good morning, John."

and pad box, 50 cts. S for \$1, post-WARD & CO., Burlington, Vt. 12

SCIATICA

EARACHE

with the multitude of low test, short weight,

THE CHILDREN WE KEEP. Till the boys were five and the girls were three, And the big brown house was alive with fun From the basement floor to the old roof-tree; Like garden flowers the little ones grew, Nurtured and trained with the tenderest care : Warmed by love's sunshine, bathed in its dew, They bloomed into beauty, like roses rare.

Will sleep 'till the spring comes 'round.

And, leaning his head on his mother's breast, He said, "I am tired and cannot play-Let me sit awhile on your knee and rest." She cradled him close in her fond embrace, She hushed him to sleep with her sweetest song. And rapturous love still lighted his face When his spirit had joined the heavenly throng Then the eldest girl, with her thoughtful eyes,

Who stood "where the brook and the river meet," ole softly away into Paradise Ere "the river" had reached her siender feet, While the father's eyes on the graves are bent, The mother looked upward beyond the skies; Our treasures," she whispered, "are only lent, Our darlings were angels in earth's disguise."

The years flew by, and the children began With longing to think of the world outside: And as each, in his turn, became a man, The boys proudly went from the father's side The girls were women, so gentle and fair, And, with orange blossoms in braided hair, The old home was left-new homes begin.

So, one by one, the children have gone-The boys were five and the girls were three And the big brown house is gloomy and lone, With but two old folks for its company. They talk to each other about the past, As they sit together at eventide, And say, "All the children we keep at last Are the boy and girl who in childhood died."

There is a man in New Jersey so mean that he talks through his nose in order to save the wear and tear on his teeth.

A Tennessee town had 19 dog fights in one day, and a prominent citizen had to leave the table seven times before he finished his dinner, in order not to miss any A South End woman keeps only one the rest" could be found in Frank's

servant to do her work, instead of two. She says help are always leaving, and when you are left alone it's much easier to do the work of one servant than of "I'm glad Billy had the sense to marry

a settled old maid," said Grandma Winkum, at the wedding. "Gals is hity-tity, and widders is kinder overrulin' and upsettin'. Old maids is kinder thankful and outh end of Lake Street where I am pre-ared to do all kinds of work in my line in a willin' to please." She went into a shop to buy some toi-

let soap, and while the shopman was expiating on its merits, about made up her mind to purchase, but when he said it jest so." would keep off the chaps, she said she didn't want that kind.

Two hundred thousand people are asked to contribute a nickel apiece to build a church in Texas. It should be called the church of St. Nickle-us, and when it is in operation it is to be hoped the old Nickel have less to do in Texas.

Down in Opelika, Ala. when they see a politician in the streets they chase him into the nearest saloon, and give him his choice between a ducking and treating the crowd. Citizens aren't quite so eager to hold office down that way.

That was a frank reply to a friend's intimation of his approaching marriage: "I should make my compliments to both of you; but as I don't know the young lady, I can't felicitate you, and I know you so well that I can't felicitate

An English brewer, observing one of his men wearing the total abstinence blue ribbon, suggested that it seemed somewhat inconsistent with his line of business. "Well, sir," he said, "you see, it makes folks like to tempt me, and then I

If iron foundries, instead of shutting up in times of depression, would turn their attention to making cast-iron toys for children, they would soon have all the spare cash in the country. What parents are mourning for since Christmas are toys

that won't break when you wink at them. The Detroit News says that a Tecumseh belle is to be married in a pair of silk stockings which her grandmother wore when she was married, forty years be fore. That doesn't hold a candle to the story of the Vermont man who was hung in the same paper collar which his father

wore at the battle of Bennington. of fish now known to men of science. When a man sits on the river bank half a day watching a cork idly floating on the stream, and comes home with a sunburned nose and not a single specimen of these 7,000 species, he is inclined to think that Dr. Gunther has made a mistake of several thousand.

It was the hour of morning prayer in the girls' school at Hamilton, Mo., says the New York Tribune, and the pupils were performing their devotions with becoming reverence, when one of them, in the act of seating herself after the singing of a hymn, missed her chair and came down upon the floor with what the Missouri papers would call a sickening thud. The other girls with extraordinary selfcontrol refrained from laughing, the teacher did not observe the catastrophe, the unfortunate one in her confusion and embarrassment remained upon the floor, and the exercises might have been concluded without interruption except for one of those extraordinary and malicious coincidences which are forever upsetting every calculation. The teacher arose and giving out the first lesson of morning prayer read from the fifth chapter of Amos as follows: "The virgin of Israel has fallen: she shall rise no more: she is forsaken upon the land; there is none to raise her up." This was too much. A long-suppressed titter prevaded the

The publishers of the Richmond, Va., Enquire heartily recommend Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and say : "It has been well tried in our office and composing room, and has cured our city editor of a very bad cas rent sets, 15c. DREW M'F'G. Co., Baltimore, Md. of bronchitis."

school room, the teacher looked up, and

Old Gallison's Frank.

Old Gallison was saying his prayers. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray," he mumbled, and then stopped. The wind seemed to be making an unusual clatter that night about the house. It cried at the windows, it went moaning down the entries, it stormed at the doors. "It seems like a knock. The wind won't let me think," said the old man, and he rose from his keees. He went to the window and looked out. It was a stormy night. The wind, however, seemed to be abashed by the sight of that haggard face and retreated across the bare, wild marshes to

rage and roar elsewhere. "Tis a bad night. I wonder where Frank-" then old Gallison stopped. "Frank" was a forbidden subject in the old man's thoughts. Think, though, he would, and he had began to wonder where Frank might be that night, on the wild land or wilder sea. He shut the door upon all further thought as soon as he was aware of the subject that had come to be a guest of his meditations.

Frank Gallison was the last of the old father's children. All the rest had died. The mother, too, was dead. The farm-house was an ample one, enlarged from time to time as the family might demand. But as death came in, and one after another of those occupants had been borne out, the farmer had closed the rooms they occupied. He shut each door and then secured it by a stont black hook. "Mother's room" was first vacated, and then the funeral hook was dropped into its staple. The oldest daughter Jane and the oldest son Samuel both died one winter, and there were three doors closed and hooked. At last, only Frank and his father, besides a housekeeper, lived in this old house of shadows. Frank was a lad whose character was utterly at variance with that of the house. He was as sunny as it was gloomy, and he went about whistling and singing, as if unaccountably a bob-o-link had strayed in the house and cut up some very odd, abrupt, musical capers. Old Gallison loved

looks. He told his only neighbor, Joel Berry, that Frank was a "com-"Neighbor," said the farmer, "my Frank has a piece of all the rest in him. He has his mother's big, snappin' brown eyes, Sam's curly hair, Jane's pink-and-white shin, Willy's broad shoulders, Jim's way of jokin'

Frank. He said that "a piece of all

and Tilda's way of smilin'. You remember?" "O yes, you are right. It was

"A compound, Joel, a compound is my Frank." This "compound" took an inter-

esting step one day. Farmer Gallison dearly loved an

old eider barrel down in his dusky cellar, especially when the barrel was full. He had taken an extra mug one day, tart and strong. The stuff was stirring up his brain into a sensitive, combative state, when Frank entered the house. His father asked where he had been. Frank gave a careless reply which nettled the eider drinker. Repeating his inquiry to Frank, he used language which maddened the boy and he became saucy in turn. The quarrel went so far that there was a separation. Out of the house in the scowling twilight Frank rushed, his father's

angry wishes flying after him like farewell discharge of fire-headed "I won't'go back !" shouted Frank "Who wants you!" said the

Half an hour after, looking out of the windows that fronted the sea hearing the wind and the breakers, old Gallison's heart softened and he heartily wished he had never said some things. He took the light and went through the entries to see if everything might be right through the night. With his hand he shielded the candle from the strong, chilly drafts, and tramped heavily over the Dr. Gunther says there are 7,000 species | floor. He passed one of the hooked door. The little black badge of sor row seemed more funereal than ever. The thought of his sorrows, his loneliness, and then of his boy's disre spect and desertion stirred a deep displeasure within him. He went to

> the light against the now stronger drafts, and carried back the nail box and a few pieces of wood. Then he nailed the boards right across the closed door of Frank's room. Cheerful sight, was it not, that series of black hooks, and the door that was boarded up?

the shed, still carefully protecting

Old Gallison could not say his

prayers that night, and he could not

Frank had been absent three years Frank, meet and be reconciled." now, and the farmer could not vet say the old prayer taught him in boyhood, the blessed "Our Father." When he reached the line, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," he stopped | ber stairs. like a ship caught on a sand-bar.

It was hard work saying his prayers, especially that night our story opens. He made a second attempt, and from his lips went up childhood's the devotional exercises closed forthwith. old, beautiful cry, "Our Father." "Forgive us-" the old man hesitated. He thought of Frank. All the good angels that had been rising out bushes, and thick was its wrapping of his heart and climbing heaven- of darkness. Still he knew its direc- sumed \$200,000,000 worth of property.

"I can't say it," he murmured. How the wind did roar then! How it came tramping up from the sea,

night," said old Gallison.

"Why, it is knockin', I believe The noises died away, and then suddenly came a loud thump at the

"That is not the wind," said the farmer. He rose, went into the try, and opening the outside door, peered into the darkness. Why, Kitty! Is this you here?

Come in, come in!"

With a sincere gesture of welcome, he threw wide open the door, and let the young woman in. She closed the door behind her and followed old en. Kitty Berry's figure was rather tall and stately, and its grace could not be hidden by the poor, clumsy barn. garments she wore. A faded blue shawl was wrapped about her head, but the eyes that looked out from play. The animation was not at all lantern's owner. frivolous: it was too earnest.

upon his.

"Father!" she said. She never called him "old Galli- arm-chair by the kitchen fire. son," his customary title among the drew up to his son's side the little people. There was no real reason why she should say "Father." People did say that she and Frank were fond of one another at school and social occasions, and she might one day rightfully call Gallison "father," but then two young people that neighbors can hardly help sliding on the same sled or picking berries from the same bush or going home together from husking-bees.

"Father!" she said again in roice soft and musical as a harp the window. Perhaps she said 'father" out of pity for him in his lonely life. She never said it before Frank went away.

"It is a bad night to be out,

at him tenderly, pleadingly. "And you must be very cold.

Kitty." Still she said nothing, only con- Frank's apartment tinued the look that was a prayer. "Your hand is cold, Kitty. You

must not get sick. We should all miss you so much." She saw her opportunity.

"Do you miss anybody?" she quietly, tenderly asked. The farmer started, put his hands

to his face and groaned. "Father, Frank has come back!" "Come back?" he asked, repeatng the words in low, husby tones.

on the sands an hour ago, but he is God's sweet air and pure sunshine. the scholars he said "please," and

"Twas the knockin' I heard." said old Gallison. "I know it was not the wind. O God!" he ejaculated, sadly moaning as if the sin of his hard-heartedness were coming to dren, so faithfully have family names him in one quick revelation. "Yes, he is here, and whom God

has sent to us, shall we refuse to receive?" asked Kitty. "Take me to him," was his only

There are some natures that go by convulsions, by tornadoes, by freshets, and farmer Gallison's nature was of this kind. He was now ready to meet his boy, ready even to

search for him. "He is at our house. I will meet you there," said Kitty. "I will go

Kitty's home was a gray cottage | incorrect, and the census on a high ledge of rock by the shore. From the white sands, a long, rough flight of stairs went up the side of the rock to the cottage above. Kitty's home looked like an eagle's nest on a high cliff. To Joel Berry, the fisherman, it was the cosiest, warmest nest in the world.

Frank Gallison was sitting near the fireplace with its wide, ample mouth, sitting alone as Kitty entered. His face brightened as she peared even as the sea takes on new luster when the sun comes up. "Frank, I have been up to see

your father." "In all this wild weather?" "That is nothing. And he is coming to see you."

"Dear Kitty, you are a peacemaker. I will go to him.' "That is right. Hurry, don't wait for him to come. In the old home,

The young sailor hastened away. He had laid aside his wet garments and was wrapped in the thick, warm clothing Kitty had brought from Joel's wardrobe under the dark cham-

Wind and ocean still roared as

Frank took the old path through the Going up to see father! It seemed like the far-away days. well he remembered the old way to the house! The path was a winding one, passing clumps of bayberry

ward on the rounds of that ladder of | tion so well, it seemed as if he could prayer had now disappeared. They see it rising up plainly and running had gone somewhere, for only evil along in a lustrous line. There was angels were coming out of the old a light, too, he could see in the windows of the old home! How welcoming! What if the wind did blow? Frank was on land now. He had been saved from the fatal grasp toward the house, whistling about the of the ocean. And then he was gowindows, moaning in the long desert- ing home, going to a reconciliation with his father. Tt was a lighter "It need not make such a fuss to- conscience that makes a lighter

> "Yes, I am going to see father," said Frank, "but I'll go round the back side of the barn. I'll steal up to the window and look in. I want to see how father looks and have an idea how he will take this meeting."

And the father, he had started from the house, and instead of going the old way to Joel Berry's thought of reading newspapers. After readhe would take the route by the back side of the barn.

"It is all so strange to me," said old Gallison, "this seeing Frank. wonder how willing he is to see me Gallison into the dimly-lighted kitch- It may be best to give him a little more time to think of it." So he took the longer route back of the

Frank had just turned the barn corner and was struggling against the wind, when he suddenly became conthe wrappings of the shawl were not scious of a lantern held near him, at all faded. They were as blue as and the next moment there was the the waves and as animated in their shock of an abrupt collision with the

"Why, father!" broke from his When the farmer had seated him- lips. The old man said not a word, self, she suddenly stepped forward, but burst into violent weeping. He knelt at his side, and laid her hand threw his arm about his sailor-boy, and drew him into the house. sobbing, he placed him in the old round table his mother knew how to spread so attractively, and the old housekeeper covered it with the best her stores afforded. Then with tears in the eyes of each, father and son broke bread together.

This was the way old Gallison's Frank came home.

The next morning, aunt Polly Quick was going by. It was now fair weather. The sun shone gaily across the old farm-house as if trying to clasp a bracelet of gold over it. Aunt Polly Quick heard a noisy hammering in the house.

"Massy! What is to pay! Old Gallison's goin' crazy!"

She ran her sharp nose into the open door like a woodpecker thrust-She answered nothing, only looked ing his bill into the bark of a tree after a bug. There was the farmer hammering away at a closed door. The boards were coming down from

"What ye doin', mister Gallison?"

"Fixin' up." "You might say for who," she asked, but the brought no bug.

while. Into this room, soon went Frank and Kitty as husband and came down from the other doors, and hope you will be good." "Yes. His vessel was wrecked through the opened windows came As it is now many years since the gave other evidences of being soft, rooms were thus opened, they are we all thought. That morning the filling up with old Gallison's grand- weather changed, and it froze hard, children. And, with them, would seem to come back the farmer's chiland features been continued. Sam It was our turn to be bad, and it became with his "curly hair," Jane with her "pink-and-white skin," Willy with his "broad shoulders," Jim with his "way of jokin'," and Tilda

with her "way of smilin'." It is a long, long day since old Gallison has had any cider barrel in his house, and he has no difficulty in saying his prayers .- Rev. Edward A. Rand.

RELATIVE SIZE OF STATES.

The figures commonly employed to indicate the area of the several states of the Union have been found to be has issued an extra bulletin correcting the prevalent errors so far as it is possible to do so from data at hand. According to the old estimate, the area of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, is 3,026,494 square miles; according to the new estimate it is 3,025,600, of which 17,200 are coast water of bays, gulfs, sounds, etc.; 14,500 are made up of the areas of rivers and smaller streams, and 23,900 of the areas of lakes and ponds. There remains a total land surface of about 2,970, 000 square miles. Virginia in the old estimate has a total area of 38. 348 square miles: in the new 42,450 including a total water surface of 2.325 square miles. It is of interest to observe the wide contrast in area between, for example, California. with her 158,360 square miles, and Rhode Island with 1.250; or between Massachusetts, with 8,315 square miles, and Texas with 266,780 Arizona has 113,020 square miles of surface, Colorado has 103,925, Dakoto 146,100, Montana 146,080 Nevada 110,700, New Mexico 122, 580. Delaware has 2,150, and the District of Columbia 70. New York which has 49,170, is not as large as North Carolina, which has 52,250. and lacks nearly 10,000 square miles of the area of Georgia.

The "golden bloom of youth" may be retained it ising Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a specifi for "female complaints." By druggists.

The Chicago fire, October 9, 1871, con-

IT IS PROFITABLE TO READ NEWSPAPERS.

once seen, if you will give the matter | corrugated chair almost a necessity. a little thought. Suppose you take a paper that is only issued once a week; you get fifty-two copies a er got through drying our pants, and year, containing the general current news of the times. The educational advantages to the family derived from only a weekly paper are cheaper and more impressive, useful, thorough, after the children have learned to read, than the teaching in the ordinary schools. It is a notable fact, and many eminent examples might be referred to, families that are never without newspapers become more intelligent and more influential than those who go through the ordinary scholastic studies without the habit

ing, writing and arithmetic are taught to a child, if a choice is to be made between school books and newspapers, it would be much more beneficial to the child to give it two or three well-selected newspapers to read than to confine it to the text books of the school. Newspaper education is polytechnic and universal, and is indispensable to a proper qualification for true American citizenship.

A good newspaper saves money in all business matters. If you want to sell or buy anything you will likely see the current price in the newspaper, and you will also see what you might want advertised; you don't have to take hearsay; and thus suffer from mistakes and delays; you just turn to your paper, and know all you wish to find out. You will often save the subscription cost of your paper by one single order for ten or twenty dollars' worth of goods. You will often find chances for good bargains advertised that cannot be found in any other way. Indeed, it would be impossible to enumerate the amount of pecuniary benefits received from newspaper advertisements alone, to say nothing of the general information of vital importance con-

DON'T BREAK UP A SCHOOL.

tained in them.

It was given out in church Sunday that school would open on Monday morning. After the evening service the boys got together and talked it over, and decided to give the new teacher just a week. It had been thawing for a day or two, and the boys were tired of skating, so they thought they could afford to spend a week educating themselves in the art of breaking up a school. On the evening we were duly elected a member of the class of hard citizens, we were to open the ball and do something, get the teacher to lick us, and then the boys were to jump in and help. Monday morning the school began, and the teacher proved to be Farmer Gallison grinned, yet kept a sickly-looking, slim sort of a felhis own secret, and hammered away. low, a timid, nervous man, with a It was only a secret for a little hand and face like a girl. Every time he looked at one of the boys there seemed to be an expression on wife. All the black funereal hooks his face as though he would say, "I

> When he had anything to say to at recess the boys got together and said we would wind up the school before noon and go out on the ice. gan right off. The big boys had to carry in the wood and lay it down quietly by the stove. We took in an armful and dropped it on the floor so that it shook the building and loosened the stove-pipe. The pipe came out of the chimney and filled the room with smoke, but it was put back, and the slim teacher only reprimanded us, and said that it must not occur again. We just ached to go after some more wood, but there to fully realize the value of small was no opportunity. Pretty soon the teacher said we might go and get must be made in personal expendia pail of water, and while at the well | ture. What is spent upon the housethe school-room and spill the water all over the floor, and thus give the sickly-looking teacher a chance to

show what he was made of. The teacher was near the stove, and we stumbled, and the water went all over everything, wetting his boots and making him pretty mad. In sizing him up we had not noticed before that his eyes were as black as coals, and that he seemed to be about eight he jumped clear across the room, grabbed us by the neck and sat us down in the water, then he lifted us up and shook us so the teeth rattled. then he seemed to grab us all over and just maul us. We got a chance. once, or twice, to look around to the back seats, as he was revolving us around on our axis, to see if the other boys were coming to help us put him out of doors, but they were the most studious lot of big boys we ever They had their heads down in their

books, and their lips were moving in silent prayer. After the teacher had mopped the floor with us, he took us by the slack of the pants, just as dog would carry a duck and went to his desk and got a hickory ruler, and proceeded to dry our pants. Well, it was the meanest way to dry

pants that ever was, and while it dried them well enough, it left great How a newspaper pays can be at ridges inside of them that made a The boys did not fulfil their part of the programme, and when the teachsaid, "Please return to your seat," we felt as though politeness was a perfect sham. We looked at the boys as we went to our seat, but they never looked up. We have witnessed contested seats in the legislature since, but we never saw one so exciting as that one in the old white school house at the foot of the

The teacher never spoke during the proceedings, and when it was over he looked even paler and more sickly than when he had one hand in the hair that once grew where we are now bald, while the other was at work in the vineyard. But none of the boys seemed to care to pitch on to a sick man, and he taught that school two terms, and never had to whip another boy. That was the last school we ever broke up. The slim, sickly teacher is an old man now, living quietly in this state, with children as old as we are, and we occasionally see him and ask him if he remembers how we broke up the school. He is feeble now, and walks with a cane, but if we had to have a fight with him even now, we would hire a man to do it .- Hawkeye.

WHAT A VOLCANO CAN DO.

Cotopaxi in 1838, threw its fiery

rockets 3,000 feet above its crater,

while in 1854 the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful voice was heard at a distance of more than 600 miles. In 1797 the crater Tuangurangua, one of the great peaks of the Andes. flung out torrents of mud which dammed up the rivers, opened new lakes, and in valleys 1,000 feet wide made deposits 600 feet deep. The stream from Vesuvious, which in 1337 passed through Torre del Greco, contained 32,000 cubic feet of solid matter, and in 1703, when Torre del Greco was destroyed a second time, the mass of lava amounted to 45,-000,000 cubic feet. In 1760 Etna poured forth a flood which covered eighty-four square miles of surface. and measured nearly 1,000,000,000 cubic feet. On this occasion the sand and scoria formed the Monte Rosini. near Nicholsa, a cone of two miles in circumference and 4,000 feet high, The stream thrown out by Etna in 1816 was in motion at the rate of a yard a day for nine months after the eruption; and it is on record that the lava of the same mountain, after a terrible eruption was not thoroughly cool, and consolidated for ten years after the event. In the eruntion of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, the scoria and ashes vomited forth far exceeded the entire bulk of the mountain; while in 1860 Etna disgorged twenty times its own mass. Vesuvius has sent its ashes as far as Constantinople, Syria and Egypt; it hurled stones eight pounds in weight to Pompeii, a distance of six miles, while similar masses were tossed up 2,000 feet above the summit. Cotopaxi has projected a block of 100 cubic yards in volume a distance of nine miles, and Sumbawa in 1815, during the most terrible eruption on record, sent its ashes as far as Java. a distance of 300 miles.

How to Become Independent .-Large savings invariably originate in in small sums, just as money embarrassment arises from little extravagances. Very few persons of ordinary honesty deliberately set to work to make large purchases which they cannot afford, and yet numbers spend just as much in the long run in little things that they scarcely think are worthy of notice. It is very difficult sums. Little savings, if made at all. hold is generally needed, small personal luxuries which cost so little, are not. And when any saving is made in this way, the monev should be put aside and saved, instead of being mixed with the spending fund, and additions made to it as frequently as possible; that will make you understand as soon as anything, what small economies amount to. When money is put aside to be saved, it should be put in some place feet high, but as he looked at us, we where it cannot be directly got atcould see it plainly. He seemed to the sayings bank for instance. The read our thoughts and know that it very fact that a little trouble and was done on purpose, and we have formula has to be gone through with always thought he heard the boys before it can be obtained many a talking it over at recess. Anyway, time prevents it being spent when it certainly would have been were it close at hand. To secure independence to ourselves is really worth some self denial.

> A farmer's wife bustled into a store in a town up the Hudson the other day, and went for the proprie-

> "Mr. Davis, I bought six pounds of sugar here a few days ago, and when I got home I found a stone weighing three pounds in the pack-

"Yes ma'am." "Can you explain such a swindle.

"I think I can," he placidly replied. "When I weighed your eight pounds of butter the other day I found the three pound stone in the crock, and when I weighed the sugar the stone must have slipped into the scales. We are both growing old, Mrs. Jones, and I presume our eyesight has become more or less affected."